

The Missing Conversation

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Summary: After Laurel is attacked in "Means to an End" she calls Pride. The telephone conversation that the show left out. Oneshot. My first NCIS New Orleans story. Please read & review!

The Missing Conversation

Special Agent Dwayne Pride thumbed through his notes on missing Petty Officer Peal, a witness in a case that he and his team had been working all week, and scowled when nothing new caught his eye.

He glanced at his watch, wondering when Lasalle and Brody might return from their latest search for Peal's Westbank house and if they might have discover the missing link that would crack the case open. Out of the corner of his eye, he noted Percy sitting at her desk going through the evidence that they'd collected in the Belle Chasse break-in that the missing petty officer was a person of interest in and smiled lightly; he was glad to have this hard-charging newest member of his team back from her recent undercover work.

"Anything?" he asked hoarsely.

"Nada," she replied, with an irritated sigh, "This is the strangest case that I've worked in a loooong time."

Me too," he agreed, nodding sagely, "But, we'll get it. We're just missing something."

Suddenly his phone rang and he grabbed it, hoping that it was Lasalle or Brody with the breakthrough that they needed.

It was his daughter.

"Music major!" he exclaimed jovially, even as his brain flew through all the possible reasons why she might call this early in the morning.

"Dad?" Her emotional tone twisted his gut and made his mouth go dry.

"What is it, baby girl?" he asked, his voice sharpening anxiously; he came halfway out of his chair in surprise, "You alright? What happened?"

"I-I-I went for a run this morning," Laurel stammered, shock evident in her voice, "and some guy jumped out of the bushes and grabbed me."

Pride closed his eyes against the vision; he'd seen many assault cases in all his years with NCIS and, before that, with the sheriff's department. But in all that time, he'd never put his daughter's face with the victims. A fierce anger welled up in him.

"Dad? You still there?" Laurel sounded all the more frightened by his delayed reassurance.

"I'm here, baby girl," he answered, working hard to keep his anger and fear in check for her sake. He got to his feet and grabbed the keys to his NCIS vehicle, "But I'm coming there."

"C-can you?" Laurel asked hesitantly, "The police are coming."

"Nothing will keep me away, baby girl," he answered seriously.

Suddenly, in a teary voice, she dropped a bombshell, "Dad, I-I think I killed him." Then she broke down.

Pride paused briefly, a small grim smile touching his lips, "Laurel, Laurel, listen to me," his voice commanded her attention through her hysteria, "You did what you had to do. He attacked you. Just wait for the police. I'm coming. We'll get it sorted out."

"Alright. Thanks." The line went dead and Pride felt a sudden and deep loneliness; he wanted her to stay on the line until he could see her face to face.

"Sonja," he said, noticing Percy's eyes locked him as he headed for the doorway; it was clear that she'd heard every word that he'd said, "Come on."

"Where too, Pride?" she asked, bouncing up and hurrying after him.

"Baton Rouge," he answered over his shoulder, without breaking stride, "Somebody attacked Laurel this morning."

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><p>Author's Note: Okay, this is my first NCIS New Orleans fiction so I'd love some read/reviews. I've only recently caught up on all the past episodes and I'm totally a fan!

End
file.